

Sketch

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It was raining...

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It was raining...

When your answering machine picked up. I listened to your
voice, hollow through the earpiece. Lancing drops
drummed on the glass.

Shivering in my drenched clothing, I slid down to the floor of the
phone booth. The receiver found the crook of my neck
where your head should be.

I waited through the prerequisite beep and chattered out some
semblance of a message. Consciousness fled when the
machine cut me off. The winds played a haunted lullaby.

Watery dreams washed through me, each the same as the last.
Always your eyes staring into mine, your fingertips on my
face, your lips a luminous smile.

Night became day in a heartbeat as clouds squeezed their last
tears. Sunlight tugged at my lashes, cutting the darkness,
slicing the fear. Morning failed to deliver your presence.

I cursed Apollo's impatience as I eased myself to my feet, legs
stiff and shaky. Bedraggled tendrils fell between my eyes
and the phone. The coins made a dull clink as they fell.

The sun was shining when your answering machine picked up. I
listened to your voice, interrupted in mid-sentence. A
drowsy soprano relayed your unavailability.

Shivering in my anger and pain, I slid down to the floor of the
phone booth. The receiver brushed my stomach where I
was just beginning to show your parting gift.